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10¢

KING

of the Royal Mounted



A deadly secret hid the
"TRAIL OF THE COUGAR!"



ANIMALS OF THE NORTHWEST THE CANADIAN LYNX

LARGEST OF THE AMERICAN LYNXES, THE CANADIAN VARIETY TOWLS AND FIGHTS LIKE AN OVERSIZED ALLEUT CAT. HE WEIGHS UP TO 40 LBS.



STRONG ENOUGH TO TAKE LARGE GAME, THE CANADIAN LYNX SOMETIMES WAITS ON A LIMB ABOVE A ODER TRAIL, FOR HOURS AT A TIME.



THIS IS A TRICK OFTEN PLAYED BY COUGARS --- BUT THE LYNX, ALTHOUGH LESS THAN HALF A COUGAR'S WEIGHT, IS EXPERT AT IT!



THE LYNX IS A SWIMMER, TOO, WHEN THERE IS A PROSPECT OF EGGS OR GAME FOR BREAKFAST. BUT A CRANE GUARDS HIS NEST WELL.



MANY A WILDERNESS FARMER HAS FOUND HIS HEN HOUSE OR BARNYARD RAIDED BY A LYNX, WHO HAS KILLED FOR THE SHEER LOVE OF IT.



BUT EVEN THE FIERCEST HUNTING CAT HAS ITS GENTLE SIDE! THE TWO TO FOUR LYNX KITTENS BORN IN THE SPRING ARE WELL MOTHERED.

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KING

of the
Royal
Mounted

TRAIL OF
THE COUGAR

RIDING INTO THE WOODS, KING AND HIS CREW COMPANION ARE HEADING INTO AN STORY
AND DANGERS THEY CAN HARDLY GUESS.



DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

HALF AN HOUR LATER --- AT ONE OF THE LUMBER TOWN'S SHACKS ---



GOOD EVENING? I AM KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED IF YOU ARE CAPTAIN BLACKFISH OF THE SWAMP ISLAND FISHERMEN?

WHY? I AM BLACKFISH! YOU COME IN?

CAPTAIN BLACKFISH IT HAS BEEN REPORTED THAT COUGARS FRIGHTENED YOUR PEOPLE FROM THE FIELDS ON SWAMP ISLAND! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT THE COUGARS?

WHY WE SHOOT UM? WE KILL UM! THEY COME BACK ALIVE! NO CAN KILL COUGARS IF WE GO AWAY!



CAPTAIN BLACKFISH, WILL YOU TAKE US AND OUR HORSES IN YOUR FISHING BOAT TO SWAMP ISLAND TOMORROW? WE WILL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT THOSE COUGARS?

WHY? I TAKE YOU --- THEN COME BACK!



BIG ISLAND KING?

IT'S SEVEN MILES LONG, MOOS-TOOS "MOSTLY TIMBER" - A FEW LITTLE FARMS!



THE MOMENT KING AND MOOS-TOOS ARE LANDED, THE SERVANTS BEHIND DECK HANDS PUSH OFF AGAIN

YOU WILL RETURN IN THE MORNING WITH THE HOUNDS I ARRANGED FOR, CAPTAIN?

WHY WE COME --- NOT STAY!



WE'LL RIDE THROUGH THE WOODS TO CAPTAIN
BLACKFISH'S LITTLE FARM, MOOS-TOOS, AND
PUT UP THERE FOR THE NIGHT!



HUNT HORSES SCARES OF SOMETHING, HEN?
HEHE! SMELL, LION!



THAT'S A
COUSAR SOUND
SURE ENOUGH!



WE'LL PUT THEM IN THE BARN,
MOOS-TOOS! THEY'LL BE SAFE
ENOUGH!

LION?
MAYBE!



WE'LL CATCH A FEW HOURS SLEEP IN THE
HOUSE. BLACKFISH WILL BE HERE WITH TWO
HOUNDS, BRIGHT AND EARLY!



BUT JUST BEFORE DAWN!----

THAT WAS MY HORSE ----
STAMFORD? SCREAMING!







AN HOUR AFTER DAWN, THE BLACKFISH SHOWS UP.



ANOTHER LATER THE HOUNDS ARE IN FULL CRY



NOT FAR AWAY OF THE PACK, THE WINGED CAT
HEADS FOR A TREE.



THE CHASE ENDS WITHIN A MILE...BUT THE LION DOESN'T STOP!
INSTEAD HE TURNS,SNARLING TO GO BATTLE!

ONE HOUND BOLDER THAN THE REST, LEAPS TO MEET A
DEADLY BLOW.



BORROWING WOOD-TOOD'S RIFLE, KING MAKES A
LONG SHOT... TO SAVE THE OTHER HOUNDS.



AN HOUR BEFORE SUNDOWN THE HUNTERS RETURN TO THE WHARF



WE HAVE CLEANED OUT ALL THE LIONS
ON THE ISLAND, CAPTAIN BLACKFOOT! WILL
YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE RETURN TO YOUR
HOMES HERE, NOW?

NO! WE COME. ---
LIONS COME BACK,
TODAY! ISLAND GOT
BAD MEDICINE!
WE SHAVE OFF, NOW!

ALL RIGHT! MOOSE-TOSS WILL TAKE THE
HORSES ABOARD, AND RETURN WITH YOU!
I WILL SPEND THE NIGHT ON THE ISLAND ALONE!



GOOD-BYE, KING! YOU DRIVE
MAP--- BUT BAD MEDICINE
TOO STRONG! BETTER YOU
STAY HERE ON ISLAND
ALL NIGHT!

WE'LL SEE,
CAPTAIN! LOOK
FOR ME
TOMORROW!

LATE THAT NIGHT, KING KEEPS SOLITARY VIGIL IN A GREAT TREE
OVERLOOKING THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE ISLAND AND THE
MAINLAND



I HEAR A BEAST'S BREATH! IT'S APPROACHING---AND
WINDS HOWL! PERHAPS THIS BEAST WILL PAY OFF!



IT'S HEADS INTO THE LITTLE CREEK, JUST
BELOW HERE! I'LL GET THERE FIRST AND
SEE WHAT COMES OFF!



PULL DOCKS THROU BACK THE SOUND OF THE WELL MUFFLED ENGINE AS THE LAUNCH MOSES SLOWLY INTO THE DOVE





SWIFTLY KING WRAPS THE COIL OF ROPE AROUND HIS COAT, MAKING A SHAPELESS, DARK BUNDLE.



KING GROINLS AND SCRATCHES HIS FINGERS ON THE SIDE OF THE LAUNCH.





A PISTOL, SHOT INSIDE THE CYLINDER BOOMS LIKE A GUN



POW! POW! FIRES AGAIN, THE BULLET BLANCHE
AROUND THE STEEL WALL





LATER, AT THE MONTIE'S GUNPOST



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(Signed) HELEN MEYER

Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1953.

JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1954)

Dugan's Luck



At the river's bank, Hank Dugan sank gratefully to his knees. With trembling fingers he laid his rifle down beside him and then lowered his face into the swift running stream. The cold, bracing water came as a shock, but it cleared his head momentarily and brought soothing relief to his feverish body.

When he had drunk his fill he carefully eased his fired back against one of the large boulders which lined the bank. For a moment he shut his eyes, but suddenly the pain in his leg started up again, this time worse than ever.

Removing the small medical kit from the pocket of his parka, he took out the last sterile dressing. He dipped it into the stream and applied it to his leg. For a moment the pain was eased, but he knew it wouldn't last. His only hope was to make the trading post, but it was still a distance to go and the day was fast drawing to a close.

To make matters worse, a wind whistled down from the snow-clad Canadian peaks. Dugan shuddered visibly. Bad luck had been with him ever since he had left the Post to inspect his traps. Not only were they empty, but at the last one he had surprised a bobcat in the act of stealing the bait. Whistling and spitting, the angered feline charged. Dugan fired almost point-blank, but before the cat fell in a heap, one paw lashed out with savage strength and razor-edged claws raked his leg from calf to ankle.

All of this was hours ago. And now, as he glanced toward the darkening sky, the first snowflakes swirled southwards. Painfully he got to his feet. He started forward as the storm gathered force.

Onward he stumbled as all sense of time was lost. The mantle of white covered everything. Familiar landmarks disappeared in a white haze and he wandered blindly through it as the cold bit deeper and deeper, numbing his senses, blotting out all hope.

When the blizzard finally stopped, he found himself on a pine studded slope. His body trembled with fatigue. He was lost and he knew it. And he also knew he couldn't go on. He dropped to his knees. All around him was the silent snow. It had done its job well, trapping him just as surely as his own traps had caught the unsuspecting beaver.

He sank lower and lower into the white, powdery substance. The struggle to fight was ebbing fast. The snow had beaten him, proven itself to be his master. He could push on, but there would be no escape. The pain in his leg subsided, or was he too numb to feel it? Heavy lidded he tried to fight off the desire to sleep. "No use," he muttered. "The snow . . . can't beat it . . . rotten luck . . ." His voice trailed off as the darkness swiftly closed in.

Was it an eternity later when his eyelids fluttered against the growing light? Slowly he forced them open, staring with disbelief. He was in his bed back at the Post, and smiling down at him was good old Charlie, his partner.

"Your leg's going be all right," he said. "Doc Taylor gave you two shots and he'll stop in again in the morning."

"But how did you find me?" Dugan asked weakly.

"I guess you're lucky," Charlie replied, "lucky that it snowed like it did. All we did was follow your footprints and there you were. If it wasn't for that snow—" he didn't finish.

He didn't have to. Dugan knew what the snow had done for him, and he was a mighty grateful man.

MEN OF THE WILDERNESS

INSPECTOR
FRANCIS
DICKENS

CHARACTERS BY BOB KETNER AND PLOT BY THE EDITOR

DURING THE NORTHWEST REBELLION OF 1885, WORD CAME TO FORT PITT, ON THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER, THAT THE SETTLEMENT AT FROG LAKE HAD BEEN THE SCENE OF AN INDIAN MASSACRE.



IN CHARGE OF TWENTY MOUNTED POLICEMEN AT THE FORT WAS INSPECTOR FRANCIS DICKENS, SON OF THE FAMOUS NOVELIST.

IF ONLY THE STOCKADE HAD NOT BEEN TORN DOWN — WE COULD HOLD OUT TILL HELP ARRIVES! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO PREPARE FOR RETREAT!



AT DICKENS' ORDERS TWO LARGE SCOWS WERE BUILT AT THE FROG RIVER'S EDGE — EACH CAPABLE OF HOLDING TWENTY PEOPLE.



ON APRIL 18, 1885, OVER TWO HUNDRED INDIANS STAGED A WAR DANCE ON THE HILL OVERLOOKING FORT PITT.



FAMILIES INSIDE THE TRADING POST BARRICADED THEIR DOORS, MOMENTARILY EXPECTING AN ATTACK, HOPING IT WOULD NOT COME.



MCLAREN, THE HUSBAND'S BAY TRADER, TOOK A MESSAGE FROM INSPECTOR SICKENS TO THE CREDS, ASKING FOR A PRIVATE TALK.



MCLAREN WAS NOT ALLOWED TO RETURN - BUT SENT A NOTE BY AN INDIAN. THE INSPECTOR NOT ONLY APPROVED HIS REQUEST.

--- BUT HE ADVISED THE OTHER WHITE CIVILIANS IN THE FORT TO JOIN THE MCLAREN FAMILY, GIVING THEMSELVES UP TO THE CREDS.



ON THE 15TH THREE SCOUTS RETURNING TO THE FORT WERE ENGAGED IN A RUNNING FIGHT. ONE CONSTABLE AND TWO INDIANS WERE KILLED --- ANOTHER SCOUT'S HORSE WAS SHOT AND HIMSELF WOUNDED.



THE NEXT DAY UNDER THE COVER OF A HEAVY SNOWSTORM, THE TWENTY MOUNTIES WERE ABLE TO CROSS THE RIVER IN A GOOSE. THE ICE HAD BROKEN JUST IN TIME!



THE CREW WERE NOT LONG IN DISCOVERING THAT THE MOUNTIES HAD GONE — BUT THEY APPROACHED THE POST WITH CAUTION.



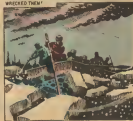
ONCE CONVINCED THAT THE ABANDONED FORT WAS NOT A TRAP, THEY LOOTED THE TRADER'S SUPPLIES WITH SAVAGE GLEE.



THEN THEY BURNED EVERY BUILDING BUT ONE — WHICH STILL SURVIVED, MOVED TO THE ONCH LAKE SITE!



MEANWHILE THE MOUNTIES WERE FIGHTING FOR SURVIVAL IN THE ICE-CHOKED SASKATCHEWAN RIVER. ICE JAMS NEARLY WRECKED THEM!



A NUMBER OF THEM WERE SUFFERING FROM FROSTBITE ———
HANDS NUMB ON THE ICY CARS ——— CHEEKS TURNING WHITE
IN SPOTS.



ON APRIL 22ND THEY REACHED THE LITTLE TOWN OF
BATTLEFORD, A HUNDRED MILES DOWN THE RIVER
FROM FORT PITT. ——— IN TIME ———



TO HELP IN THE LAST-DITCH DEFENSE OF THAT LITTLE TOWN! ASSASSINONES AND CREES SWARMED THROUGH THE HOUSES,
LOOTING AND BURNING AND KILLING THOSE NOT LUCKY ENOUGH TO REACH THE LOOP-HOLED POLICE FORT! THIS FORT
HELD OUT UNTIL COLONEL OTTER ARRIVED WITH THREE HUNDRED MEN AND ARTILLERY.



KING

of the Royal Mounted THE CAPTURED VILLAGE

ON TEMPORARY WINTER ASSIGNMENT TO A SAFETY ISLAND POST, KING ANSWERS THE EXCITED CALL OF A LOCAL HUNTER, TUKLIVIK.



"---FEET FROZEN--- REACHED KAKEVAK TO FIND VILLAGE TAKEN OVER BY EIGHT TOUGH SAILORS. THEIR SHIP, CRASHED IN ICE. SAILORS TOOK ESKIMOS' FOOD--- KILLED THEIR DOGS TO KEEP THEM FROM GETTING HELP--- GRABBED ALL WEAPONS--- INCLUDING MINE!"



I WAS OUT HUNTING WITH MY DOGS WHEN THE OTHERS WERE SHOT. WHITE MEN TRY TO CATCH ME WHEN I COME HOME. UH!

TAKE IT EASY, CHO-LEE! YOU'RE SAFE NOW AND WE'LL HANDLE THOSE BAD JAWBROCKS-- WHITE MEN!



ALMOST AT ONCE, A CROWD OF SYMPATHETIC ESCIMOS GATHERS AROUND THE EXHAUSTED MAN, LEAVING KING-FREE FOR OTHER WORK.



"WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, SERGEANT"

"GOOD! TUGLAVIK AND I MUST GO TO HELP HIS PEOPLE"



"TUGLAVIK, HARNESS UP TEAM PLEASE! WE'LL LOAD THE SLED FOR A FAST TRIP!"

"MUCH SNOW IS COMING, KING-A-SQUAH! WE MAY GET LOST!"



"I DOUBT IF YOU COULD GET LOST, TUGLAVIK! BUT WE WILL TAKE CHAD-LEE'S LEAD DOG WITH US ON THE SLED! FEED HIM WELL! HE WILL GUIDE US IF WE DO LOSE OUR BEARINGS!"

HALF AN HOUR LATER--



"I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT BLIZZARD COMING, TUGLAVIK! BUT CLARK IS IN DANGER OF HIS LIFE! WE CAN'T DELAY!"

"I KNOW THAT, KING-A-SQUAH!"



"IT'S HERE, TUGLAVIK! CAN YOU KEEP YOUR BEARINGS?"

"IF THE WIND DOES NOT SHIFT!"

TOWARDS NIGHT, THE HOWLING FURY OF THE STORM MAKES TRAVEL IMPOSSIBLE.



LEAVING THE DOGS TO MAKE SNOW NESTS IN THE SNOW, KING AND THE ESCIMO HAUL THE SLEDGE WITH THEIR PRECIOUS FOOD SUPPLIES INTO THE CAVE.



AFTER A QUICK MEAL OF SEAL MEAT---



THEY CRAWL INTO THEIR SLEEPING BAGS, UNDER WHICH THEY HAVE LAID THEIR OUTER CLOTHES.



TOWARDS MORNING A SLIGHT NOISE WAKES KING!



SINCE HIS WEAPONS ARE ALL ON THE SLEIGH, KING REALIZES THAT HE MUST TAKE A GOOD CHANCE OF BEING WAGLED-- TO GET THEM!



WITH A WILD YELL, KING HURLS HIS SLEEPING BAG IN THE BEAR'S FACE.



---AND KING'S BOLDNESS TAKES THE BEAR BY SURPRISE.
---ALLOWING KING TO REACH THE SLEIGH



"SHOOT, QUICK, KING-A-SNAH" BEFORE HE STRIDES----



MY RIFLE--STUCK IN THE LASHES
---GRRR!



AT THAT MOMENT---



IN THE HOTTEST BATTLE, SHE BOB IS KILLED OUTRIGHT



---BEFORE KING CAN OPEN FIRE---



THE WHITE GIANT ABSORBS HIGH-POWERED BULLETS WITHOUT FLINCHING ---



---UNTIL, SUDDENLY HE BOB'S LIMPS LIKE A BAG OF BONES



HERE IS MUCH MEAT---
IF THE BLIZZARD
LASTS"

TRUE, TUNDRA
WE COULD OUT-
WAIT THE
STORM!"



BUT THE PEOPLE OF KARDAM ARE
SUFFERING--AND CONSIDERABLE
CLARK IS IN DANGER OF HIS
LIFE FROM THOSE WHITE
ORIGINAIS!

YES! SEE,
KING-A-SOAK!
WE MUST TAKE
WHAT MEAT WE
CAN CARRY AND
GO ON!

THIS DOG FROM KARDAM IS
GAINING BACK HIS STRENGTH FAST
THE LADY--BUT WE WILL STILL
CARRY HIM ON THE SLED!

YES! WE MAY
NEED HIM
EASIER LATER!



AFTER FEEDING THEIR TEAM HEAVILY, KING AND
TURLAKA START BREAKING TRAIL.

I SEE THE CLIFFS--RUSSIE THEY SEND BACK
FROM THE SEA--WE ARE HEADED RIGHT, KING
A-SOAK?



BUT BEFORE THE AFTERNOON IS ENDED, THEY ARE FORCED TO HALT
AGAIN!

WE ARE LOST AGAIN! THE SNOW
BLOWS TOO QUICKLY!

WE WILL BUILD AN
IGLOO AND WAIT TILL
MORNING!



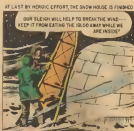
WITH THEIR SHARP KNIVES, THE TWO MEN WORK FAST.

WE MUST PLACE THE IGLOO-BLOCKS QUICKLY--BE-
FORE THEY BLOW AWAY!



AFTER THE WIND IS TOO STRONG!





HAVE YOU SEEN ANY
LANDMARKS YET,
TURKOV?

NO! THE SNOW BLOWS TOO
THICKLY STILL, JONG-A-SUNK!
BUT THE KAKOVAN DOG SEEMS
SURE OF THE WAY!

AN HOUR LATER, THE NEW LEADER SURGES AHEAD, YIP-
PING WITH EAGERNESS. THE OTHER DOGS CATCH HIS
SPIRIT.

YIP YIP YIP

JUMP ON, JONG-A-SUNK! WE CAN RIDE
NOW! THE KAKOVAN DOG HAS SCENTED
HIS HOME!

GOOD!

SEE A LIGHTED WINDOW?
FAR AHEAD! KAKOVAN!

WE MUST BE CAREFUL!
WADA! WADA-P-OET!

WE MUST HURDLE THE DOGS, TURKOV, AND LEAVE
THEM OUT OF SIGHT! WE DON'T WANT THEM
STOPPING BULLETS!

SORRY, FELLOW! THIS IS A POOR HOME-COMING
BUT IT'S BETTER THAN GETTING YOU KILLED!



TURLAVIK YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN THIS VILLAGE!
LEADING TO ONE WHO WILL HELP US!

THAT IS
RACHYAK'S
GLOO IS RIGHT
AHEAD!



AT THE TUNNEL, TURLAVIK CALLS SOFTLY.

RACHYAK "IT IS TURLAVIK, YOUR FRIENDS!
ARE YOU WELL?"



TURLAVIK YOU'VE
BROUGHT HELP?"

I HAVE BROUGHT SERGEANT
RING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED!
CHO-LEGGED THROUGH WITH
MESSAGE FROM OTHER
POLICEMAN"



RACHYAK WHERE IS CONSTABLE
CLARK? IS HE STILL ALIVE?"

HE LIVES WITH
CRIPPLED FEET— IN THE
THIRD GLOO BEYOND THE
BIG ONE WHERE THE BAD KHAN-
JONAT STAY! THEY MEAN TO
KILL HIM SOON!"



THE KHANJONAT --- WERE MEN --- TRIED TO
STARVE HIM TO DEATH, BUT WE MANU' GET
A LITTLE FOOD TO HIM? SOON WE ALL WOULD
HAVE STARVED--- WITHOUT WEAPONS OR
GOOD TO EAT? WITH?



TAKE MY WEAPON, RACHYAK! TURLAVIK AND
I WILL NEED YOUR HELP TO CAPTURE THE BAD
KHANJONAT! I GO NOW TO SEE POLICEMAN
CLARK!"

HA- MU- YER!
IT IS GOOD!
WE WILL WAIT
FOR YOU!"





QUICK AS A FLASH, THE GIANT LEADER OF THE GANG OVERSETS THE TABLE AND GL LAMP'S, PLUNGING THE ROOM IN DARKNESS---



AS THE SAILOR'S BULLET STRIKES HARMLESSLY KING AND CLARK ARE ALREADY OUT OF LINE



---AND THE ESKIMO RIFLES CRASH FROM THE WINDOWS-- FIRING BLINDS --- TO ADD CONFUSION!



THEY RUSH FOR THE DOOR PILES UP SAILORS FIGHTING EACH OTHER IN THE DARKNESS ---



--- WHILE KING AND CLARK STAND BACK AGAINST THE WALLS, READY!



AND MOUNTIE TEAMWORK MEETS THE ATTACK



...AND, MINUTES LATER...



AND YOU, MACHAK, MAY KEEP MY RIFLE AND AMMUNITION TO HUNT WALRUS AND THE SEAL! YOU HAVE THE WEAPONS THE KIVADORAK TOOK AWAY FROM YOUR PEOPLE!

WAKA BLUNGAT! IT IS WONDERFUL---

AND THAT IS NOT ALL! AS SOON AS WE CAN, WE WILL SEND YOU SOME GOOD BOGS TO REPLACE THOSE THE SHAMADNARS KILLED! GOOD-BYE, NOW---AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU ALL!

TA-BA-CH-CHY! HA-RO HA-RO! GOOD-BYE, AND THANKS AGAIN!



CAUGHT!— in a twisted snarl of living ropes. There seemed no escape from the “VALLEY of the VINES”

read



TUROK, SON OF STONE

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FAMOUS PLACES OF THE NORTHWEST MIRROR LANDING



JUST AFTER THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, MIRROR LANDING, ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER, WAS A BUSY AND GROWING SETTLEMENT



IT WAS ALSO A STOPPING PLACE ON THE WILDERNESS ROAD TO LESSER SLAVE LAKE FOR THE FLODDING, CO-DRAWN FREIGHT WAGONS



LATER THE RAILROAD REACHED IT AND CREATED NEW BUSINESS. IT ALSO SPOILED THE DEATH OF MIRROR LANDING, AS A TOWN



THE RAILROAD'S DIVISION POINT WAS LOCATED ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, AND A VILLAGE GREW UP THERE, CALLED "SMITH"



THE NEW VILLAGE GREW AWAY THE LOCAL INHABITANTS. MIRROR LANDING LIVES ONLY IN THE NAME OF THE POST OFFICE AT SMITH

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